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THE FRENCH ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE  
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

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In the University Library one will find, lying on the topmost shelf of the remotest bookcase, and thickly covered with dust, the relics of the great French Encyclopedia of the Eighteenth Century. From being a controlling influence in the triple field of politics, philosophy and religion, it has become a mere curiosity for the eyes of the student and the pedant. It has ceased to be a reality; it is now only a memory. The great fire which it lighted on the eve of the Revolution has long since smouldered and gone out, and to-day but dust and ashes remain. We can hardly realize, now, that it is these yellow-paged volumes which Louis the Well-Beloved feared might be the most dangerous thing in all the world for his kingdom, which were found alike on the dressing-tables of the ladies, in the palaces of the nobles and in the hearts of the philosophers,

and around which rallied the party of Illumination and Destruction. Like most occasional literature, when the immediate task had been accomplished, people took them from the dressing-tables and laid them on the shelf. And there they have been lying ever since.

The impossibility of treating the *Encyclopédie* either as sheer literature or as sheer philosophy, which has intrinsically a permanent value, is further forced upon us by the story of its development. The vicissitudes of fortune through which it passed were due to a quality which seems inherent in the French nature. The Anglo-Saxon usually keeps speculation as far from practical application as the East is from the West, but with the Frenchman the one is naturally and necessarily joined with the other. Church and State realized this, and an alliance, which might have seemed unconquerable, set itself against the company of Encyclopedists. To be sure, the weakness and incapacity of the King prevented the government's attacks upon them from being persistent and energetic, yet by royal decree the publication was twice stopped (once in 1752 and again in 1759) while the church laboured to subvert their purpose by every craft and artifice known to Jesuit and Jansenist. The instruments of which the latter availed itself ranged from the Pastorals of the Archbishop of Paris to the dastardly erasures of the printer, Le Breton, Carlyle's "sacrilegious Attila of the book-trade." What, then, was the peculiar nature of the speculation which aroused so much resistance in the high places of absolutism and the hierarchy?

Before the encyclopedic purpose and conception can be understood, it is necessary to understand its originator and conceiver. In the opinion of Sainte-Beuve, Denis Diderot, of all the men of the Eighteenth Century, embodies most completely the philosophical insurrection of the times in its broadest and most contrasted characteristics. He was the connecting link between Voltaire, Rousseau, d'Alem-

bert, D'Holbach and Hevétius. In his brain (the most encyclopedic brain that had ever existed, Grimm thought), raged a whirlwind of ideas. Their expression retained much of the whirlwind's confusion. A very fiend for work; discouraged by every fresh attack, yet persevering in the face of it; deserted by his colleague, D'Alembert, when the burden is heaviest, he shoulders the whole weight, and staggers on, until at last the goal is reached. Writers have often compared him to the mighty figures of the Revolution. In 1759, the year of his great trial, Georges Jacques Danton was born, and Michelet has noticed the strange likeness and the striking contrast between the two. Diderot, the man of thought and action,—Danton, the man of action alone, lacking the other's intellectual resoluteness to make him truly great. Sainte-Beuve represents Diderot "worthily preceding those chieftains of an ascendancy which lacked the haughtiness of rule, of a heroism stained by impurity, glorious in spite of their vices, looming gigantic in the thick of the fight, at the bottom of their hearts better than their lives might show: Mirabeau, Danton and Kléber." In the great hunt which Voltaire summoned to crush the fox of Infamy, behold him Master of the Hounds! The once accepted tradition that the Encyclopedists were an association, organized for the express purpose of destroying Government, Religion, Society and Civilization, has this much truth in it: that here was a body of men, brought together to accomplish a reformation by a community of feeling, more or less general and strong, and given unity and solid front by the determined worker of the Rue Saint-Benoît. For the influence of the *Encyclopédie* he is the responsible person and he stands no less a factor of the Revolution than the leaders of the century's last decade.

The *Encyclopédie* was the natural offspring of a movement in a political development directly influenced by

Philosophy, so called. The movement had reached the stage where its supporters realized the necessity of extending to the many the social, religious and economic education which had been so long confined to the few. Their attempt to systematize the totality of human knowledge and exhibit it in a row of volumes, was bound to be in some degree a failure. When, in a work of this sort, much of the labor of contribution and most of the labor of revision and classification fall on one man, prejudice, confusion and inconsistency are the inevitable result. The *Encyclopédie* is as much influenced by personal sentiment and political bias as Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. In the first volume four pages are devoted to theories on "Noah's Ark," and but half a column to "America." On one page Christianity is defended and on the next decried. The rigid censorship, moreover, which the Government exercised, often forced the collaborators to reveal their real meanings in innuendoes, and pregnant silences. "Time will enable people to distinguish what we have thought from what we have said," wrote d'Alembert to Voltaire, but at the end of a century and a half the world is still unable to distinguish.

Yet in spite of all its drawbacks, the *Encyclopédie* is an admirable expression of its purpose, as long as the pervading spirit is considered. It clearly marks the great advance which French Philosophy had made since the days of Montesquieu, by seizing political conceptions as instruments. From almost every page there emanates a warm interest in Man, who, as such, possesses certain personal and political rights,—a natural consequence, as Morley has pointed out, of accepting the doctrines of Bacon and Locke in Philosophy and Psychology. For when men have determined to content themselves with the investigation of what lies in the realm of their own reason, Man, in his relation to himself and to the world,

becomes the essential object of their concern. And the more influence they concede to environment in the shaping of Man's character, the more need will they see for improving the environment. Out of the latter idea grew the strong constructive side of the *Encyclopédie*, though the philosophers who united in its production were mostly of the destructive party. It was by no means the gospel of negation which so many have thought it. It did not leave men wholly at a loss for something to substitute in place of that which it demolished. Seldom does it remark an evil institution in France without suggesting means for its betterment, or at least comparing it with the advantageous arrangements of other nations. This is especially the case in articles on social conditions at home, some of which needed but to be described to be despised, while others required an extensive, argumentative discussion in order to inflict a deep and dangerous wound.

The most remarkable feature of this remarkable work, the one thing which lends it a prevailing tone because the note is struck so often, is its sympathy for labour. Diderot, the cutler's son, and d'Alembert, the child of the glazier, could understand the oppressed, hard-working peasant more easily than M. Aruet de Voltaire. The Rights of Man may be seen *en germe* in their definition of "Journeyman." "A workman who labors with his hands, and is paid day-wages. This class of men forms the greater part of a nation; it is their lot which a good government ought to keep principally in sight. If the journeyman be miserable, the nation is miserable." Of the cultivator of the soil they remark: "The soil is the physical and political foundation of a state; it is on the possessor of soil that directly or indirectly fall all the advantages and disadvantages of nations." Throughout all the discussions on Agriculture, an intense concern is manifested in the subject, and the condition of France is painted in its true colours. One

may easily imagine the effect caused by the statement that one-fourth of all the broad realm lay unbroken or abandoned, and by the long story of the abuses from which this shameful state had sprung. In these articles, too, the constructive element of the *Encyclopédie* is displayed to its best advantage. The benefits to be derived from a free export trade, such as flourished in England, are demonstrated, and a new suggestion in the methods of farming (made by an Englishman named Tull) is carefully elaborated by Diderot, "because," he concludes, with a brevity which is often sadly wanting, "this subject is of great interest to men."

The axiom that all men are created free and equal, which Jefferson incorporated in the Declaration of Independence, was anticipated in these volumes by full twenty years. The enunciation of it is hardly less clear and direct than his own. "Equality is in all men by the constitution of their natures. This equality is the principle and foundation of liberty." The French are still harping on this tenet with almost fanatical insistence, as though some fear that it might perchance be forgotten, lingered in their consciousness. Such fear is part of their unceasing struggle between the rights of the individual and the despotic ideal, and the reason for it is to be found in the elaborate gradation of privileges which grew up under Louis XIV. Few things call from the *Encyclopédie* so scathing a denunciation as the abuse of privileges, "out of which," it cries, "proceed two very considerable evils; the poorer classes of the citizens are always burdened beyond their strength, though they are the most useful to the State, and persons of education and talent are disgusted with the idea of entering the magistracy of other professions demanding labour and application, and are led to prefer small posts and paltry offices."

The above quotations will give a general impression



of the manner in which *philosophes* went about their task of throwing light into the social darkness. They are only scattered instances out of a countless number which might be cited. We must content ourselves, however, with a passing reference to the articles on the *Corvée*, that forced unpaid labor on the manorial highways, which was the finishing touch in making La Fontaine's poor woodman, "d'un malheureux la peinture achevée;" to Turgot's lucid treatises on "Endowments" and "Fairs" in the former of which he significantly remarks, "What takes place in England, can take place in France; for whatever one may say of them, the English have not the exclusive right to be citizens," and in the latter fervently rebukes "the mania for regulating everything, for guiding everything, and never leaving men to look out for their own interests;" and finally to the stern Philippic under the heading "Chasse," in which, perhaps more than anywhere else in all the twenty-one folios is seen the utter contempt of the nobles for the lives of the peasants. The censor's eyes were strangely blind to the author's glowing earnestness, when he told of the wretched vassal who was bound to the back of a stag for daring to hunt that sacred animal within his lord's preserves. The time had come to drain

"the terrific reservoir of guilt  
And ignorance filled up from age to age."

"Men," indeed, "are on the eve of a great revolution in the human mind," and it is to the band of philosophers "that they are most indebted for it." (Voltaire to D'Alembert).

From our preconceived notions of Revolutionary Literature we would expect to find in the *Encyclopédie* a prejudice in favor of democracy as the ideal form of government, and in fact one American author has declared that it is there. A careful examination, however of the articles

on "Gouvernement," "Républiques," and "Représentans" will disclose the interesting fact that, while hating tyranny as men who felt its sting, the Encyclopedists profess a preference for the limited monarchy. They fear the existence of a large democracy to be impossible. There is great attraction for them in the polity of Lycurgus, where republican, aristocratic and monarchic tendencies are blended, and still greater in the English Government (referred to only as "the State finely described by the author of 'L'Esprit des Lois,')") "which can perish from internal disorders only when the legislative power becomes more corrupt than the executive." No wonder the British Constitution had a glamour for the eyes of France as she stood on the brink of the precipice. Her representative body had long since died. It was soon to rise in an awful resurrection. The first murmurings of the wild cry for States-General can be heard in the sullen, humiliating admission of the Encyclopédie. "The French nation was formerly represented by the assembly of the States-General of the realm. These national assemblies have been discontinued since the year 1628."

In the day of its vogue the most widely read and ardently debated of its subjects were those of Philosophy and Religion, and it is to be doubted whether any article in any encyclopedia has created so much controversy as did that of D'Alembert on "Geneva." In it he had praised the pastors and people of that city for rejecting belief in the divinity of Christ and the existence of hell, and had mentioned even their opposition to the théâtre in a tone of the most respectful dissent. People and pastors at once disclaimed the imputed heresy, and Jean-Jacques took up the cudgels in behalf of his native city and its attitude toward the stage. It was the cause of his final estrangement from the Encyclopedists, whom he henceforth styled "enemies of the human race and disseminators



of the deadliest poison." The quarrel marks the parting of the ways of the constructive and the destructive schools, and set in motion the first ripple of that religious reaction which grew into a wave before the death of Chateaubriand. Voltaire and his troop had weighted the scales against Christianity. Rousseau appeared to restore the equilibrium.

In general it is only by inference, by reading between the lines, and by noticing its conspicuous reticences that we can determine the standpoint of *Encyclopédie* toward Religion. Undoubtedly it is irreligious, but its irreligion is that of the Free-thinker rather than of the Atheist. It looks upon Christianity as a faith for a nation rather than for an individual, and considers bigotry necessarily coexistent with it. Of its opinions on Catholicism no concealment is made. Diderot, D'Alembert and all the rest were only too eager to join the crusade which the old prophet was preaching from secluded Ferney. Two great redoubts had to be forced before the enemy's stronghold could be taken; one was Superstition, the other Intolerance. Science was the engine to destroy the first; the second could be passed only when a broad humanity and irrepressible indignation should reënforce the flagging warriors.

In all this warfare on the institutions of absolute France, ought we, as Sainte-Beuve, to picture the Encyclopedists as erecting "a tower of war, enormous, gigantic, marvelous, such as Polybius describes and Tasso imagines?" Were they not rather performing the office of a reconnoitering party, which casts a search-light upon the enemy's position, discovers and points out its weaknesses, and by investigation divests the unknown of its magnificence? Were they contending in the thick of the *mêlée*? Were they not rather sketching the rough plan on whose lines the future battle might be fought?

—D. Laurance Chambers.

**CHRISTMAS AT BURKET'S.**

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Near the head of one of the many beautiful valleys which repose securely amid the mountain-ranges of Southern Pennsylvania is the small village of Wells. Closed in upon every hand by formidable mountains, which are to be crossed only over the roughest of mountain roads, this valley and its village have long been free from those disturbing influences which everywhere mark the onward march of Science. No locomotive's snorting disturbs the quiet peacefulness of this little vale and it is only since a very recent date that it has known the presence of that winged messenger of human speech—the telephone.

Our tale, however, takes us back to a time when even these improvements had not entered the minds of these simple village folk. Yet not so very far into the past, for it had not been without much trouble that certain of the older members of the community had been convinced that the telephone was a thing to be desired. An element of conservatism and a yearning after rural exclusiveness were characteristics of these earlier generations and it is with men of this stamp that our story has to deal for it could find no explanation in the broader-mindedness of present times.

No one knew exactly where old Davy Burket came from. It is certain that he had lived near the village for many years, though his past career was entirely concealed behind a veil of obscurity which had never been pierced. It was to be doubted, indeed, if he himself had much knowledge thereof, for no response ever came in answer to the many interrogative remarks of the over-curious minds of the village. The most that could be said of this strange man was that sometime in the past he had come, and had built himself a cabin in the mountains which had been his

home ever since, that he appeared entirely without friends and cared for none; finally, that he belonged to that class to whom every human affection is alien—stragglers after the body of humankind, for whom no one cares, in whom no one has an interest. The peculiar character of the man himself and the dimness of his past life could not fail to awaken in the ignorant mind silly fancies which threw the light of superstition upon his character and rendered impossible all sane judgment thereof. Credulity naturally became the source of evil conceptions, and Burket, the evil spirit of the village. His stooped-form was the object of derision, the butt of many a cruel joke. Gray-heads shook ominously whenever the old man passed by, for it was the common opinion that back of this hermit-blind were concealed dark deeds of which no one knew. If it were not so, why should he thus shun all intercourse with his fellow man? Yes, there must be something in his life which if revealed would bring to light some horrible crime.

From this sense of fear and awe it was not a great step to a feeling of contempt and it is just this process which we find taking place in the minds of the villagers. They had feared him before; but now they despised and hated him.

The effect of this aversion on the part of the villagers and of their consequent treatment of the old man, was soon evident. Sensitive to an extreme, from the first he had found himself shrinking from all contact with a people who had treated him in such a cruel manner. Gradually he had seen the gap widen until he had found himself—alone. It was a cruel blow and the sting which he felt, as insult was added to insult, seemed greater than he could bear. Time, however, had dulled his sensibilities to a degree that rendered an apparent apathy possible; but the fires of his nature had only subsided into an inveterate hatred of mankind which permeated his entire being and

so transformed his character that every element of his former nature seemed lost in the wild desire for revenge which now possessed him.

It was the day before Christmas and every home in the village was a lively scene of preparation for this holy day. Early in the morning the snow had begun to fall and it had rapidly covered everything with a mantle of dazzling brightness. It was just the kind of weather needed to make the Christmas season all that it should be. All was joy and gladness where there were gifts to be exchanged, and there were few households in the village which could not afford to indulge in this pleasure.

Far up one of the mountain hollows, half concealed amid the low swinging boughs of a dense growth of pines was the cabin which gave old Davy Burket shelter. Here, too, the snow was falling but it brought no cheer to the old man's heart as he sat crouched near the small wood-fire which scarce gave forth a warming heat. Christmas had come before and with no greater cheer to the lonely old man. Yet, there was a time, long years ago, when all was so different. Yes, he could remember it all as clearly as though it were but yesterday. Back to the days of his childhood in that far-away New England home the old man travelled in his thought. Why had he left such a home and broken his mother's heart? It was strange how misfortune had followed upon that act until he had often wondered whether he should ever satisfy the demands of the Divine Avenger. Long sat he thus and mused by the fire, but the wind blew cold through the holes in the walls and the dream was gone and in its stead the knowledge of a cruel world came back to fill his soul with bitterness. On the morrow Christmas would come but what could it mean to him? It was meant only for those who were fortunate—he could have no interest in it.

The sun had gone down behind the great mountain's

crest leaving the hollow in the gloom and chill of twilight. The old man still sat by the fire-side unconscious that night was coming on—the night before Christmas. Far below in the valley the church bells swung merrily to and fro, but the old man heard them not, nor could he have felt any thrill of joy if he had heard them. He had sat thus, unconscious of all about him, till the last faint glimmer of light had faded away into the night, when he was rudely aroused from his stupor by the report of a rifle which rang out almost at his door. He leapt to his feet yet hesitated to open the door lest it be some trick being played upon him. But the truth was soon known for the door was swung open and into the room a youth staggered and fell in a faint upon the floor. Blood was issuing from a wound in his side where the ball had entered. The old man knew that unless something should be done, and that at once, the lad would soon bleed to death. Yet what did he owe to this boy or his parents? Nothing. Had they not turned him away from their doors but a short time before? No, they deserved no good at his hands nor should they receive it. Could he not carry the lad out into the snow where the cold would soon numb the pain, and the end would soon come, and no one would be wiser? He raised the youthful form in his arms, opened the door, and in a moment was out in the night.

The village church was filled to overflowing with the crowd which had gathered for the Christmas exercises. There had been the usual Christmas speeches and the distribution of the gifts, and now from their seats the choir had risen and the first sweet notes of the anthem floated out upon the still night air—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Never before had they sung so well and the audience seemed lifted out of themselves as they realized the full beauty and significance of this holy festival. But suddenly a movement is

seen among the crowd about the doorway and a deep hush falls upon the whole assembly. The doors are opened and into the church they carry him. The crowd surges about but through their midst rushes a man who fights his way desperately to the side of the lad as he lies pale as though in death. Jim Hale recognized his son.

Christmas dawned bright and clear o'er the little village. Early had it been astir and now that the village doctor had given them hopes that the wound would not prove fatal, kind hearts at once made inquiry as to whom it was who had carried the lad to the church. There was no clue except the tracks which led through the snow in the direction of the mountain. Could it have been old Burket? Not possibly, but they must find out; for who ever it was he must not lack the fullest reward for his noble service.

Within sight of his own cabin they found him, lying half covered by the snow. The powers enfeebled by age had failed at last and the spirit of Davy Burket had left this world. Tenderly they bore his body and laid it where the sunlight fell full upon the aged countenance. No sign of hate was there now but o'er the poor old features there shone the peace of God.

All day long came the village folk eager to see where the old man lay, as journeyed the shepherds on that first glad Christmas morn to see where the young Babe lay in the stall at Bethlehem—for Christ had come at Burket's.

—J. R. Woodcock.



## GEORGE HERBERT.

Thou poet gentle, yet how dignified,  
Whose youth was in a courtier's folly spent  
Till wisdom drove thee from that element  
Back to the quiet of the country-side,  
And freed thee by her touch from worldly pride,  
Thy soul's true beauty still is evident  
As when thy thoughts to heaven first were sent,  
And shall be ever, let what will betide.

Thy deeds were godly, as thy fame is fair,  
And men shall seek thee for their spirit's balm,  
As travellers in the tropics' burning air  
Renew their strength at spring or fruitful palm,  
And find such solace in thy holy calm  
As makes it seem an angel's self were there.

—William W. Staake.

## JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

"In wit a man, simplicity a child; such was the fabulist who was to be not only the revolutionizer but the saviour of French literature.

Jean de la Fontaine was born on the 8th day of July, 1621, at Chateau Thierry. His father, Jean de la Fontaine, held a position probably honourable at that time, that of master of the royal domains in his district. Up to his early manhood the lad gave no promise whatsoever of his future success as a poet. He was an enigma to his teachers, by whom he was considered nothing more than a good natured dunce. His father, however, determined that his son should become a poet, and the young man repeatedly set himself to the task; but in vain, he could not write a stanza.

So things were until La Fontaine's nineteenth year, when in passive compliance with his father's desire he

entered the religious order of the "oratorie." Discovering after eighteen months his inaptitude for such a life, he renounced his vows and returned again to his friends. "The wonder is not," says the abbé Olivet, "that La Fontaine threw off the fetters of monastic life, but that he ever assumed them."

Shortly after his return to society, his father urged on him a marriage with Marie d'Hericart, a daughter of a friend of the family. With his usual short-sightedness and pliability La Fontaine accepted the proposition, at the same time taking upon himself his father's duties as master of the royal domains. But he neglected both his obligations to family and state "with an unconsciousness of both which disarmed censure and silenced complaint."

It was at this period of his life that the dormant faculties were accidentally aroused, which later won him such everlasting renown and which, by disposition and structure, completely saved French versification from the monotone into which it had fallen. An officer of the troops stationed at Chateau Thierry read to him one day the ode of Malherbe, on the assassination of Henry IV., beginning,

"Que direz vous, races futures,"

Caught by the interest of the reader and the spirit of the poet La Fontaine's latent energy suddenly took fire. His laziness was at last temporarily laid aside and his entire interest centred in Malherbe, whom he read, quoted and enlarged upon with total disregard of time and place. He at once began writing odes, which from a literary standpoint were abominable, but nevertheless a source of untold delight to his undiscerning father. Fortunately he was rescued from the influence of Malherbe, whose loftiness of thought and diction are in direct opposition to the ingenuousness and grace which characterize La Fontaine's spontaneous works. This was due to the advice of a man of cultivated mind, a translator, named Pintrel. He urged a

complete renunciation of Malherbe and the studious perusal of Horace, Terence, Virgil, Livy, and Quintilian, which counsel La Fontaine judiciously adopted.

It is a fact well worth noting that as La Fontaine got deeper in the study of these ancient models he more and more disregarded the French literature of his own time wisely preferring the simplicity of the former to the artificiality of the latter. He also read with delight Rabelais, Clement Marot, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, and Ariosto. This preference for the last three mentioned, who were Italy's greatest writers, at a time when the general sentiment of the French was in violent opposition to their productions and at a time when Boileau, with impertinence, openly ridiculed "Messire Ariosto," as he termed him, proves conclusively not only the correctness of his judgment but his independence as well.

Although Greek was not a part of his brief education and he was too indolent to acquire even a superficial knowledge of that language, La Fontaine took especial delight in Plutarch and Plato. Their works were translated to him by Maucroix, a friend and scholar, whom La Fontaine in return associated with his own immortality. The noteworthy fact of La Fontaine's showing a comprehensive grasp of the Greek spirit can readily be explained by his early intimacy with Racine, at that time the most learned Greek scholar of France.

While universally supposed to have written his works off-hand, with no previous preparation, it is proved by his letters and prefaces that the opposite was the case. Studying carefully the best models and filling his mind with knowledge from the best sources, his verses were penned slowly and with great care.

Thus for some time he continued at Chateau Thierry, indolent, careless, and blind alike to his state and domestic duties. Reading and thinking in the open air were his

chief delights; in his fits of temporary abstraction he was unconscious not only of lapse of time but also of inclemency of weather. In this connection several amusing stories are related of him, of which the following is characteristic. The Duchess de Bouillon left him one morning with a *Livy* in his hand pacing up and down between two rows of trees. On her return in the evening she found him still reading and pacing in the same place. What made this the more extraordinary was a heavy fall of rain in the interim and La Fontaine's having all the time had his head uncovered.

To La Fontaine's acquaintance with this woman is probably due the fact that he did not pass his whole life in obscurity and indolence at Chateau Thierry. This acquaintance began at court and the Duchess de Bouillon, attracted by his genius, invited him to Paris, where he lived in her intimate society and became acquainted with the persons most celebrated in the capital for their wealth and talents. Supposedly to her also is La Fontaine indebted for that finesse of expression which appears in so marked a manner in some of his earliest and best poems.

Now he moved in the most distinguished circles of Paris, thinking only of his home and family when in need of money, at which time he sold portions of his estates at Chateau Thierry. This practice of consuming the principal after the interest was gone, "*mangent son fonds aprez son revenue*," as he himself expressed it, would soon have left him in a destitute condition, had it not been for the celebrated and unfortunate Foucquet. He, becoming acquainted with La Fontaine's genius, character, and needs, settled on him a liberal pension, in return for which La Fontaine was to write a quarterly quittance in verse. This agreement he carried out faithfully, celebrating in masterly style the magnificent pomp and grandeur of Foucquet's fêtes, groves, princely residences, and posses-

sions, thereby provoking the jealousy and hatred of Louis XIV, which ultimately led to the downfall of Foucquet and was for many years a source of trouble to La Fontaine himself. When Foucquet at the command of Louis was sentenced to solitary confinement for life, Colbert, his successor, in anger at La Fontaine took away his yearly pension.

He soon, however, came under the notice of Henrietta of England, the wife of the duke of Orleans, brother to the king, who gave him apartments in her own home and in every way supplied his wants. At her early and unfortunate death, La Fontaine was supported by Madame de la Sablière, of whose suite he became a member. In the acquaintance of this kind-hearted woman he passed twenty of the happiest years of his life, celebrating in verse with great delicacy the name of his benefactress.

At her death, La Fontaine was once more cast homeless and destitute upon the world, when with characteristic kindness Madame d'Hervart, the wife of a wealthy financier, offered him shelter in her own home which he readily and gratefully accepted.

The only proof of literary ambition displayed by this curious character was his desire to become a member of the French Academy; and upon a vacancy occurring in 1683, he became a candidate. Naturally enough the court devotees opposed him, yet he was elected successor of Colbert, the vacancy having occurred at the instance of the latter's death. It was customary at that time for the king to sanction the elections, but this, in the case of La Fontaine, Louis refused to do. Another vacancy occurring soon after, Boileau was elected and Louis was made acquainted by a deputation from the Academy to whom he replied, "Your choice of M. Boileau will be universally approved and you may now receive La Fontaine. He has promised to be good—(Il a promis d'être sage)."

Henceforth La Fontaine wrote fewer tales, concerning himself chiefly with the question of his abode after death. Influenced by Father Poujet he made certain vows, expiations, and reparations regarding a manuscript opera which he intended having performed, but finally consigned to the flames. Before a deputation from the Academy he delivered a public reparation, pathetically protesting his innocence of the perniciousness of certain of his books, and while renouncing all claim to them, asked pardon of God and of the church for his sins.

From now on until death, which overtook him in his seventy-fourth year, he lived at the home of Madame d'Hervart, where he is supposed to have written a few more tales.

In his fables and tales alone the supremacy of La Fontaine can be found. He stands preëminent over all fabulists who lived before his day and his place has never been approached by his successors. This is due to the unattainable attraction of his diction, his faithfulness to nature and to truth, and his clever combination of rank improbabilities with consistency, probability, or humor.

He was buried in the cemetery of St. Joseph, in Paris, by the side of Molière, who preceded him in death by many years. His best epitaph was written by himself, recording his personal traits with truth and humour alike :

"Jean s'en alla comme il etait venu,  
Mangant son fonds aprez son revenu.  
Croyant le bien chose peu nécessaire,  
Quant à son temps bien le scut depenser,  
Deux parts en fit dont il volouit passer,  
L'une à donner et l'autre à ne rien faire."

—*Philip Le Bontillier.*



## ON WHITEFACE MOUNTAIN.

"You-all jes' come up on the Whiteface trail, *I* reckon. Don't reckon you all saw anythin' of Jim Grassey out down that a-way, did yo'? He's los'; we-all caint find him now-how." The speaker looked at us gaunt and hollow-eyed over the top of the rough snake fence which ran close by the spring, where we sat to rest in the shade of a huge old beech tree. We started at the sound of his voice, for none of us had seen him approach, and indeed we were momentarily surprised at meeting any one out there in the wilds of the Nantehela Mountains, although we knew that we could not be far from a little settlement up the valley, toward which we were tramping, over the rough Whiteface Mountain trail. The stranger was tall and rugged-looking as his own native mountains, and there were but few marks which might serve to distinguish him from the many others of his brother mountaineers, unless perhaps there was a certain frightened look about his eyes as if he feared to speak to strangers. His hair was prematurely streaked with gray, for he could not have been more than forty, and the apathetic, half-hopeless expression which marks the features of the ordinary mountaineer had deepened on his face to a look of weary hopelessness which told of days of weariness and disappointment.

He did not wait for us to recover from our surprise at his sudden appearance, or to answer his first question before he spoke again.

"You-all aint seen Lutexy nuther, hev yo'?" He inquired anxiously. "She be los' too, though she ain't so los' ez Jim Grassey. I seen her las' night. *They* don't believe it though," he added waving his hand in the direction of the settlement farther up the trail.

There was some mystery here. How could there be degrees of "lostness" as his words seemed to imply? Who

were these two persons of whom he spoke? We could bring no news of those for whom he searched so eagerly and the shade of sadness deepened on his face as he heard our answer. He shook his head despairingly and muttered to himself, "'Taint no use, I reckon. I caint fin' Jim. They wouldn't believe me nohow."

There was something in the way he spoke which strangely excited our interest and we questioned him eagerly. To the questions he replied, slowly and half suspiciously at first; but afterwards in voluntary narrative he told of the strange disappearance of a young mountaineer named Grassy and a girl whom he called "Lutexy" or, sometimes, simply "Texy." One had gone out to search for the other and both had lost themselves in the mountains.

There were details left out of the story, whose omission made it difficult to understand. And there were strange discrepancies and contradictions in it all, too, which made it evident that the stranger was labouring under a strong excitement as he began his narrative. But he was worn out by a long search for the missing one and his weariness could account for all of his strangeness of manner and haggard looks. And yet—how could the girl be lost if he had seen her the night before? It was a strange contradiction.

At first the story was all about the girl Lutexy. Her name, he said, was a shortened form of "Louisiana-Texas." Her father was Old Man McCall, well known in all the mountain coves for miles around. He kept the little store at the settlement where one might purchase anything from an iron plough to a bit of calico-print and where the sal-low, jeans-clad mountaineers would gather on a summer afternoon to gossip in lazy contentment and chew their "twists" of fragrant, home-grown "leaf."

The stranger did not describe her; she was just "Lutexy" to him, but one might guess that she was the belle

and beauty of the settlement and all the country 'round. He spoke of her softly and in a caressing voice. She must have been very dear to him before she—was lost. Perhaps *he* was her father, Old Man McCall, himself. He was old enough,—we could not tell.

And then there was Jim Grassey, he said, most promising of all the younger mountaineers who worked their clearings in the mornings and made the settlement their meeting place in the long afternoons, or hunted over the densely wooded ridges and deep valleys of the Nantehelas.

Tall and strong and handsome—as far as one might be called handsome among those rough mountain people—he was the favorite of all who knew him, and it was no secret there that someday he would marry "Lutxy" and settle down in the little cabin high up on the side of Brushy Knob. It was whispered too that he made moonshine whiskey in a carefully hidden still far out of reach of any Revenue officer who did not know the devious trails of those rocky wilds and tangled laurel thickets.

But he had quarrelled once; quarrelled with fierce Bud Zachary about Lutxy McCall and the quiet regularity of life in the little settlement was rudely broken with sudden bitter feud.

With the jealous hatred still strong upon him Zachary did that which would outcast a man forever, could his deed be proved against him. He "informed" upon his friend and then—the Revenue officers came.

From the quiet of the little cabin which served her father as a store Lutxy heard the hoof-beats of horses in the rocky trail and in the sudden half-suppressed commotion among the men outside the door she caught the whispered word "revenueurs." In an instant she had guessed it all. They had come for Jim Grassey; but she would warn him. Could she do it in time? She did not even know the location of his still, except that it was hidden somewhere among the

hollows of Whiteface Mountain. But she would go along the trail, the way he always came, as far as she knew it, and perhaps she might meet him in time. She whispered a word to her father and before he could restrain her slipped out by the rear of the store and hurried away in the growing dusk of evening.

The revenue officers, for some unknown reason, departed without making the least effort to discover the secret distillery, and the early winter twilight deepened into night.

Lutxy never returned. Night had shut down and she was lost among the ridges of Whiteface Mountain. All night they searched for her by the smoky glare of flaming "lightwood" torches and when the morning came the little groups of weary searchers straggled back to the settlement with no tidings of the missing one.

The stranger had almost reached the end of his story. He was talking freely now, there was no need of questions. He paused a moment and looked away, across the narrow valley, before he spoke again. And then he said slowly, "They never *hev* foun' Lutxy. Thar be some allows she mus' be done dead by now. You-all don't reckon she is, does you? I seen her las' night y' know. She caint be if I seen her. An' they won't never believe me." He was talking to himself now. "They aint never found her yet, but I seen her, I'll swar it, over yander on th' Whiteface. She ain't nigh so losted ez Jim though, he's jes natch'lly losted. An I come nigh fergittin t' tell y'all about that thar, too. Hit come jes' after he had done foun' Lutxy—"

We stared at him in astonishment. Surely his physical exhaustion had clouded his mind; nothing else could account for such flatly contradictory statements.

"But we thought they hadn't found the girl yet," some one said gently, as one might speak to an invalid child.

"That's hit. That's jes' hit," the other replied.

"They *aint* foun' her yit, else how come I seen her over thar on the Whiteface in the evenin'. What's she doin' thar if she ain't losted. *They* aint foun' her, but *I* seen her. Thar's a heap of mixness hyar. But Jim he foun her jes' this a-way. Thar was snow on the groun' an' he seen the place whar she hed wandered offn th' trail over yander on th' mounting an' he follered them thar foot-tracks nigh on to four mile whar she hed kep' on trying to fin' her way outn them hollers and laurel-slicks, tell he come to whar the clifts shelved off right sudden an' then thar warn't no more tracks an' he jes' crope up to the edge an' looked down an seen her a-layin down thar on the snow and rocks nigh fifty-foot from whar he was. Hit look ter me like she oughter been kilt plum dead a-fallin' off thar in the night time. But she aint dead though, I seen her jes' las night. She aint dead," he repeated almost plaintively, "She's jes' los'—over thar on the mounting. I'll fin' her thar yit. *They'll* see."

"An' thars whar the curious part comes in. Jim layed off t' climb down thar t' whar Texy was, down the clifts. He ketched a holt on a stump root an' it fetched aloose with him an he jes' dropped from thar might' nigh the way Lutexy done. We all seen th' place whar he slipped. An' right thar an' from that time Jim Grassey disappeared an' thar ain't no man seen ha'r ner hide of him since,—him *nor* Lutexy, nary one."

He leaned heavily on the rough-hewn fence rails and shook his head wearily.

"Hit's a mighty long time now,—mos' three days I reckon, I been a lookin' for him constant. Thar be some who says"—he lowered his voice to a whisper and glanced furtively around him. "Thar be some who says ez how the fall offn the clifts thar, might hev jounced him up considerable in his mind an' mebbe he's a looking for

Lutexy somewheres out thar, yit. He'll not fin' her though, she's los'. *I* sees her constant though, over yonder. Ef you-all sees Jim Grassey tell him I'm a-lookin fer him, yit, mebbe I'll fin' him some day." He waved his hand in a motion of farewell and turned to go. As he turned away two men appeared at the bend of the rocky trail which led on up the valley. He saw them and raising his hand again, with a hopeless negative gesture to them, he plodded slowly away.

"Been tellin' you-all 'bout Jim Grassey *I* reckon," remarked one of the mountaineers with a nod toward the slowly retreating figure. "You-all jes' might ez well pay no tention to him. He aint jes' edzactly peart up here," he added, tapping his head significantly. "Thar ain't no grain-sacks in his corn loft, ez is to say. That thar Lutexy hev been dead nigh onto eighteen year now, *I* reckon. He don't rightly know it though. Folks say he sees her yit of an evenin' over thar on th' Whiteface. The fall he got over yonder sort o' addled him *I* reckon. Ever find Jim Grassey? Him? Law! No. He's Jim Grassey himself. He's been a-lookin' fer himself, too, might' nigh eighteen year now. You-all mus' be strangers 'round hyar. Goin' on up t' ol' Man McCalls t'-night?"

—Walter C. Erdman.



**QUOUSQUE.**

Why should we e'er turn back to-day  
When all the tawny Autumn fields,  
In billows tossing like the sea,  
Bow in the wind their fruitful yields?

The still green woods, touched here and there  
With a prophetic crimson glow,  
And yonder line of distant hills  
Invite us to the vales below.

Why not go ever on and on,  
Happy in the fair earth's smiles,  
Seek fabled cities dreamed of old,  
The World's End and the Blessed Isles?

—*Samuel Moore.*

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**HAWTHORNE'S  
HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES.**

Of the three works of Hawthorne which are commonly classed under the head of the three American Novels, namely the *Scarlet Letter*, the *Blithedale Romance*, and the *House of the Seven Gables*, the last named is the longest, the most elaborate, and in some phases perhaps the most perfect of the group. For in it the author has obtained a connection of parts and a vividness of tone which we do not find with the same fulness in any of his other works. There is besides a widening out with respect to the characters of the romance; there is a larger range, and a more nicely detailed and reticulated portrayal of the individual. It is a finely imaginative, delightful work, larger and more various than its companions. The richness of tone and minuteness of detail, the colour, so to speak, is admirable. Thus, in defining this work, having in mind the characteristics of its companions, we may use a word which seems to convey to us a very leading quality of the book; the *House of the Seven Gables* is expansive—in that it lays

more stress upon detail, brings before us the characters, scene, and plot with more fullness than do the others. It is like a very clear cut photograph in comparison with a painting of the Impresionist school. The one is faithful to the minutest detail, and will reward a closer and closer scrutiny. The other must be looked at from a distance. A nearer view and closer research will only jar the artistic perception by presenting a confused daub. The House of the Seven Gables, on the contrary, affords a rich field of observation and close scrutiny, and will reveal to the reader of insight something ever finer and more admirable.

Yet herein we may perhaps find a defect. If indeed it be so that we are treated to a finer study of the detail in character and setting, more intimate acquaintance with the characters of the romance, and more vividness and density of tone, yet does it all fructify? Does this expansive element tend to produce a resultant which completely satisfies? The House of the Seven Gables is not so wholly rounded and complete as the Scarlet Letter, some one has said, and we can see the distinction.

Yet it has a fascination exceeding the others, indescribable, weirdly beautiful in its fantasies and symbolical imaginings. As in the other American romances, the fanciful strain is predominant, and indeed the greatest merit of the book consists in the purity and naturalness of this quality, the charm of which is peculiarly great. It is vague, indefinable, ineffable, ethereal. It pervades the whole book, a soft undercurrent running through the pages, felt rather than noted by the reader. It creates a thousand airy fancies, casts, as it were, a delicate illusive atmosphere over the romance, like the rich glow from the setting sun. It is wholly charming, delectable, entrancing, and an attempt to analyze it must needs prove abortive. Hawthorne, then, was surely a man of fancy. Indeed this is the real charm of his writing—"purity and spontaneity of fancy."

Hawthorne was no realist. Yet it may be truly said of him that of all Americans he has written to Americans; that his writings are engrafted in the soil, so to speak, and appeal most to his countrymen. They are provincial. In a word they are, despite the predominance of the fanciful element, to a large degree full of local colour and atmosphere, the atmosphere of the New England town. Thus the *House of the Seven Gables* comes more nearly picturing to us contemporary American life than its companions. Thackeray wrote to Englishmen, and gave them a picture of contemporary English life. Hawthorne has done the same for Americans; but has he not done more? Not only has he given us a true and accurate picture of old New England days; but by the play of that ingenious imagination and fancy he has so winged his writing with a vague something which we cannot define, that the reader may easily imagine himself reading some beautiful legend of a far off time; very subtly has he blended realism and romanticism.

The end of an old race—this is the situation which Hawthorne has depicted to us, and admirable is the choice of character which he has brought before us. And if the personality be somewhat vague and unreal, yet it is sufficient, and in perfect harmony with the environment; and this is one of the great charms of Hawthorne—the exquisite harmony of the characters with their scene of action.

The characters of this tale we find to be types. They are meant to be general, and are bound in the history of families and individuals at large, each of them being a centre of a cluster of those ingenious and meditative musings which are woven into the current and texture of the story, and give it a moral richness. A grotesque old spinster, simple, penniless, very humble at heart, and rigidly conscious of her pedigree; an agreeable old bachelor of epicurean temperament and weakened intellect; a healthy-

mined and fresh young maiden from the country, a poor relative of the antiquated pair, with whose moral rustiness she is contrasted; a young man still more modern, who also serves as an example of the democratic type which in this tale is so sharply contrasted with the type of Hepzibah and Clifford, the aristocratic. These are the persons concerned in the little drama. Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, struggling through a disappointed existence in her ancestral dwelling, finds herself in her old age so harshly reduced in mundane possessions that she is obliged to open a little penny shop for the sale of ginger-bread and toys. This is the central incident of the tale. Her dishonoured and vague-minded brother is released from prison at the same moment and returns to the House of the Seven Gables to deepen perplexities. At this point Phoebe, the country cousin, arrives like a bright pure beam of sunshine, and proves the good angel of the distracted household. The episode is charming, exquisitely conceived and executed, humourously pathetic, touching, sympathetic, picturesque, almost ridiculous, worthy of the highest praise.

Hepzibah Pyncheon with her rusty joints and antique dress, peering with nearsighted scowl over spectacles, her attitude ludicrously yet pathetically dignified, and in her face the plainly visible repugnance of the gentlewoman for this vulgar trade which fortune has imposed upon her—Hepzibah is a masterly picture. And if so much is said that tends to throw her in a ridiculous light, yet the author's skillful touch has so blended the humourous with the tender and pathetic that we are made to love and sympathize with her. "For a warm, pure living sympathy pervades all Hawthorne's analysis of mankind, without which the analysis would not take such hold upon us."

Clifford Pyncheon is perhaps a still more artistic picture, painted with a soft and subtle touch which is inimitable. Phoebe is a charming and bright little being, and

the character is very vividly described, her freshness and fragrance of personality being contrasted with the fossilized race about her. Thus we can see that Hawthorne meant to depict a struggle between an old and a new society, and the new surely gets the better of it; for the charming conception of Phoebe and the natural Americanism of Holgrave stand in a more agreeable light than the crumbling ruins and exhausted vitality of Hepzibah's and Clifford's race.

But of all these skillfully executed portraits, the most elaborate is that of Judge Pyncheon—a magnificent piece of descriptive work, showing an artistic conception that has not often been surpassed in literature. It is the portrait of a fabulous hypocrite, a large "fullblown Pharisee," on the outside bland, smooth, impressive, casting about him a "sultry warmth of benevolence," to use the author's own words; in short the picture of a model gentleman; but in reality coarse-natured, hard of heart, false, gross. The picture is obviously an impression, a copious impression of an individual, enlarged and complicated by the imagination of the author.

Thus we have seen some of the characteristics and chief elements of this broad and able work; and broad and able it is—in its beauty of style, analysis of character, conception of the deep feelings of mankind, in the portrayal of types of society and individuals, in the purity and naturalness of the fanciful element, in the skillful portrayal of New England life and manner, in the exquisite purity of the author's diction, in the moral richness of the tale, in the revelation of the old Puritan conscience and pride of family—all this is but a poor tribute to the book.

Be it only said in closing that it is an expansive, copious work, and across its broad surface, as over a lake, is wafted the echo of the multitudinous life of man, in which consists the truth of every great work of fiction.

—*Herbert Hill Moore.*

## EDITORIAL.

### THE SENIOR ELECTIONS.

The system of conducting the elections of Class Officers, adopted by the Senior class, has been a great improvement over those which have been in vogue in other years. The disadvantage of the old system of mass-meeting elections had become most apparent in the past few years, aside from the very undesirable confusion and disorder which had become an unpleasant and apparently unavoidable feature of these occasions.

The best methods which were then in use could not secure absolutely satisfactory elections under existing conditions and the accompanying disorder had been made the subject of reports which, whether exaggerated or not, put the University in a most undesirable light before the public.

While it is but natural that many defects should be found in plans which are put in operation for the first time it is noteworthy that, taken altogether, the new method of election is singularly free from any very noticeable imperfection.

In one respect however the system is open to criticism. Some provision should be made which would insure a greater number of nominations for the various offices. A wider choice in so important an election is certainly desirable and above all things it would seem most undesirable that any office should go by default to a single nominee.

The present Senior Class is to be congratulated not only for taking the initiative in a field where reform was so much needed, but also upon the successful establishment



of a system which has eliminated all the objectionable features of former class elections.

#### THE SUPPRESSION OF HAZING.

The action of the College mass-meeting in abolishing hazing is another step in the right direction which will be gladly welcomed by all those who have the best interests of Princeton at heart. In recognizing the evils attendant upon this practice and in taking steps to remedy them most effectually, the undergraduates have again shown that when the interests of the University are really at stake they are not the lawless and irresponsible body of men which the general public has come to believe them, however much past actions have from time to time given colour to this view.

In attempting to point out that similar actions have been taken in the past which proved ineffectual, some of the public journals are in error. It is true that some years ago, on the initiative of what was then the Sophomore class, hazing was "abolished," but this was not done in such a manner as to affect the actions of succeeding classes; and it is in view of this fact as well as of others of no less importance that no parallel can be drawn between this and the recent action.

The success of the practice of self-government by the undergraduate body in the case of the honour-system of examinations should be, and is, in itself a sufficient guarantee that the application of its principles in the solution of another problem of college life will be equally successful.

That the ability of the undergraduate body to deal with questions of vital importance is no longer problematic, is evidenced by the action of the Faculty in approving the resolutions adopted by the mass-meeting and

in their acquiescence in the methods proposed for the suppression of hazing which leave these matters entirely in the hands of the students.

The unanimity with which the resolutions were adopted will insure the success of the plan for the present at least and when the precedent is once established no fears need be entertained for its future even without the existence of a representative, automatically perpetuated governing committee.

It is interesting to note, in conclusion, that even in effecting so radical a change in existing customs there was no such great struggle as was necessary to secure the adoption of the honour-system of examinations. It is a welcome indication of the existence of a more perfect understanding between the Faculty and the student body and is in itself another tribute to the success of the honour system already in existence.

## GOSSIP.

My song, save this, is little worth ;  
I lay the weary pen aside,  
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,  
As fits the solemn Christmastide.  
As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
Be this, good friends, our carol still—  
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
To men of gentle will.

—Thackeray.

If there is ever a time when a man should stop and think, and take account of himself and examine into his thoughts and his manner of living, surely it is now at this 'solemn Christmastide,' when we celebrate the birthday of the purest and gentlest life that ever came to sweeten this sour, worn-out world. There are times when a man must pause and say to himself, Well, after all, what am I doing here ; where is the good of my being here ; why, indeed, am I here at all ? It is inevitable that these thoughts, or some very much like to them come uppermost every now and then. That man is a fool who never gets down in the mouth, who never has his moments of discouragement, his fits of the blues. It is very perplexing when you try to think things out, and one can never come to any satisfactory tangible conclusion, and that is one of the most discouraging things about it. But even so and knowing that it is futile and will only make him sore, at times one drops into the old chain of thoughts, works out along the old lines and arrives at the same old empty results, try as he may to prevent it. And the thoughts are very old and the results quite as old as the thoughts. Men have worried and quarreled and pondered over the same old puzzles and written countless volumes and preached upon the same old ideas as far back as we have any record of the human race. And the puzzles are ever fresh in interest and the ideas ever seeming new and original to the men who propagate them. Strange, the folly of men. It is now some three thousand years since it was asked, "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new ? It hath been already of old time, which was before us." Yet is it ever new. Omar Kháyám, when he had passed through it all and discovered only vanity and confusion, cried at last in despair,

"Drink ! for you know not whence you come nor why,  
Drink ! for you know not why you go nor whence."

And yet, a greater than he declared that with wine came woe and sorrows and contentions and babblings and various other evils, and that the man who was deceived thereby was not wise. Truly it seems a hard matter and vexation of spirit.

But there is one thing that every man can do. These are the words of the wisest man that ever lived: "No man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end. I know that there is no good in them but for a man to rejoice and to do good in his life." And here in truth we have the conclusion of the whole matter. Do your duty, lend a helping hand to your neighbour and be true. Life is hard and full of knotty questions—some day it is going to be very much harder still—and it seems far past our comprehension, a thing of mysteries; but there are some solid places where one can stand and feel assured of his position. There is something to be done, here is a poor chap in trouble who needs a lift, or here is a fellow creature in suffering who craves a friendly word. Duty, charity, sympathy,—let a man but devote himself to their pursuit, and the mysteries and problems drop from life as an outer garment, and it becomes a great and beautiful thing, alive, practical, filled with absorbing interests. It is good to be near it, to touch it, to see it flowing by, now and then perhaps to do a little for some poor soul to make its path more easy. Come, my brother undergraduate, toss aside your Schopenhauer and your Leibnitz, pick up your Thackeray and your Lamb. Read them and study and make them your masters. They are the two bravest gentle men our English literature has known. There are many philosophies; each is a stumbling-block. Forsake them. Learn of the lives of Thackeray and Lamb and go and do likewise. They loved truth and kindness and honour. They smiled at pain and received blessings with a grateful heart. They bore their part in life with patience—each had more than his share of suffering—and each unquestioning, bowed his head to the inscrutable Design. They understood the reasons of it perhaps no better than you or I, but they saw the realities of life and faced them. They smiled with those who smiled and wept with those who wept. They gave rest to the labouring, they cheered the downcast, they succoured the distressed. The earth is the better for their having lived upon it. They were men of gentle will.

If there are men in college, and there must be many, who do not find life altogether to their liking, it is just for this reason; that they have busied themselves overmuch with the speculative theories of life and thought too little of its practical side, its possibilities, its opportunities, its obligations. Concerned with the whyness of their being they forget the actuality of it. It is simple selfishness for a man to wrap himself up in his thoughts and go through life as though he were the only one of his kind and every thing depended upon his conclusions in regard to a few unknown matters. There are others around us to whom we owe certain duties which we have no right to neglect. Surely it were better to live as

lived those two gentlemen, than to drag out a useless existence, selfish, self-centred, self-considering. Here are we, born into a living world. Never mind why we came, never mind, if you can help it, where we go. We are parts of an infinite system. It is the duty of each one of us to put his shoulder against his separate cog in the great wheel of life and do his little best to help move the whole. Beyond that we can do nothing. Take this advice kindly, reader : Gossip knows it is good for it is not his own ; and think none the less of it because he who gives it—and no one knows this better than he—is the least successful in living up to the standard he himself has set, of all the men in this University.

And so, my fellow-undergraduate, as we go out from here for our Christmas holidays, carrying in our hands the fair name of our college during the next two weeks, and when, later on, we go out again, and this time for good, to represent Princeton and ourselves in a broader field and under more trying circumstances, when the time comes when we shall have to make our way in the world and to fight the serious battle of life, whether we miss or win the prize, whether we lose or conquer, whether we fail or rise, may we, " Be each, pray God, a gentleman,

" A gentleman, or old or young !  
(Bear kindly with my humble lays);  
The sacred chorus first was sung  
Upon the first of Christmas days :  
The shepherds heard it overhead—  
The joyful angels raised it then :  
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,  
And peace on earth to gentle men."

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

## A SEA SONG.

He in whose ear the sea-shell sings  
Far from the sea,  
Must harken to all other things  
Unheedingly.  
For, though to bar him from his own  
Stretch plain and hill,  
The patient ocean's undertone  
Calls to him still.

He who hath seen the sullen surf  
Swing shoreward slow,  
Quick foam above, and tangled coils  
Of kelp below,  
Hath for his comfort, though he be  
Far leagues inland,  
The pounding, curling, pounding sea,  
The beaten sand.

—*Henry Rutgers Conger, in Williams Literary Monthly.*

## SONNET.

The pale round moon in shimmering robes of white  
Is wandering mid the misty maze of gleams  
Overhead, and e'er with mournful mellow beams  
Reveals the myriad mysteries of night.  
Not e'en the slumbering waters heed the sprite  
Who trips so lightly o'er the waves and seems  
To rouse dull darkness from her dismal dreams  
With mirrored torches scatterd in his flight.

And, dear heart, while the glimmering shore lights pay  
Faint flickering homage to yon yellow Queen,  
And everywhere the skulking shadows play  
At hide and seek with streaks of silvery sheen,  
Fleet Cupid, dancing round our skiff, lets fall  
Love's wonder-woven mantle over all.

—*Louis H. Hitchler, in Wesleyan Literary Monthly.*



## FINIS.

(*Fletcher at the announcement of Beaumont's marriage.*)

Take courage, pen, for thine a task  
Beyond thy customary road  
Of tracing thoughts to publish wide  
For men's delight, which flowed  
Like water with a sparkling tide,  
While boldly by the fleeting side  
A grander current rode.

And, merging in a single flood,  
Swift, laughter-loving, free,  
Now shadowed pool, now sunny shoal,  
Sped onward towards the Sea.  
But ere they reach that distant goal  
Their ways divide. The surge's roll  
Grows fainter—dies. Ah, me!

Come, pluck up heart, thy skill command,  
One effort more is thine,  
A message to a comrade bear,  
From out this heart of mine.  
Ask,—if the old-time love is there,  
Seek,—if thou find'st it anywhere,  
Some memory, some sign.

Put back reproach; write sooner thoughts  
Befitting such a friend.  
Arise! thou love within my heart,  
Behold, here is the end.  
With veiled face and sad, depart,  
Thou life-long friendship, sealed in art  
Broken—and who shall mend?

— *W. H. Field, in Yale Literary Magazine.*

## BOOK TALK.

Dicere etiam solebat nullum esse librum tam malum ut non aliqua parte proficesset.

—*Pliny.*

*Miscellanies.* By Austin Dobson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"The eighteenth century," say the author of "Obiter Dicta," "has been well abused by the nineteenth." Indeed Mr. Birrell does not hesitate to generalise, and saying, that "it is the settled practice of every century to speak evil of her immediate predecessor, and I have small doubt that, had we gone groping about in the tenth century we should yet have been found hinting that the ninth was darker than she had any need to be." But "*nous avons changé tout cela*" and have become very open-minded with regard to the merits of the age of Goldsmith and Pope. Even when it was the fashion to consider their century as hopelessly wrong on all matters of politics, religion and poetry a certain romantic charm was associated with it in our thoughts. The brilliancy of their social life, the courtly grace of their manners, traditions of which still survived, made us feel that their life was in externals at least, more beautiful than ours. No one has ever expressed so perfectly the charm of that time as Thackeray. We feel when we read "English Humourists" and "Henry Esmond" how Thackeray must have loved and lived in the past to have been able once more to bring it to life and make us, as it were, contemporaries of both Tennyson and Pope. In part at least our interest comes from the fact that we have such abundant opportunities for becoming intimately acquainted with the men and women of the eighteenth century. So many contemporary biographies, letters, memoirs and anecdotes have come down to us that we are able to reconstruct the life of that age far more perfectly than any other. To prove this it is not necessary to compare our comparatively full knowledge of the literary circles which gathered about Johnson, Addison and Pope with the few facts which we know of the men who met at the Mermaid. It is his wonderfully intimate acquaintance with the life of a by-gone age that makes Mr. Dobson's essays so attractive. His three series of "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" and his lives of Steele, Goldsmith, Fielding and Hogarth, as well as the new volume of "Miscellanies" show that he knows the age of Queen Anne and the Georges better than many of us know the age of Victoria. In his new volume Mr. Dobson has not confined himself so strictly to the eighteenth century as in his other books. The subjects of the essays enti-

tled "Luttrell's Letters to Julia" and "Angelo's Memoirs" although born before the beginning of this century flourished under the Regency, both the man of society and the fencing master being intimates of Byron. But except for these occasional lappings over into times slightly later or earlier Mr. Dobson might have called his new book "Eighteenth Century Vignettes, Fourth Series." All of these sketches are rather historical studies than pieces of literary criticism. The most readable are "Luttrell's Letters to Julia," already mentioned, the three papers on old London and the sketch of John Gay, which is substantially a reprint of the article which Mr. Dobson wrote for the "National Dictionary of Biography" and his relation of the vicissitudes through which Marteilhe's Memoirs have passed. In some of the others there is a tendency to dryness which comes, not from lack of ability to write interestingly, but from an over anxious fear of boring us by telling us something we have known before. A writer who tells us so much that is new may surely be pardoned for repeating occasionally what is old. The essay entitled "Marteilhe's Memoirs" is the last of the three relating to Goldsmith, the other two, "Goldsmith's Poems and Plays" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" having been published before. The facts relating to these old Huguenot memoirs which were published at Rotterdam in 1757 and translated into English in 1758, have never before been collected. Mr. Dobson is able to prove beyond doubt not only that Goldsmith made the translation but he received £40 for it. But however grateful we are to Mr. Dobson for the addition which he makes to our knowledge of Goldsmith, the most delightful things in the book are his three historical studies on that part of London which must be as familiar to him as the campus to us, since his offices in the Board of Trade are in Whitehall itself and in close neighborhood to Charing Cross and Leicester Square (which are the subjects of the other essays.) The old Whitehall Palace where the Merry Monarch held his court and where thirty years before Milton and Cromwell lived, is full of memories and with Mr. Dobson's aid we are able to rebuild it in our imaginations and once more to people it with its old inhabitants. Then passing by the spot where Charles I was executed we come to Charing Cross where the regicides themselves met their fate and where a modern cross marks the site of the one erected by Edward I and torn down by the Puritans. In the same neighborhood was Leicester House where, before he came to the throne, George II held his court, and not far away is the house which Newton and Miss Burney's father successively occupied. These sketches although dealing only with a small portion of the city give us an idea of the wealth of historical and literary associations which London possesses and lead us to hope that Mr. Dobson will give us more essays of this character.

*The Battles of Trenton and Princeton.* William S. Stryker. Boston & New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

Among the various kinds of historical literature one of the most valuable is the detailed study of a brief but important period. Such a monograph has been produced by General Stryker and it is safe to predict that future historians of the Revolution will be greatly indebted to this work when they treat of the campaign of 1776-7. The theme is a tempting one for any son of this section. Not even at Valley Forge did the cause seem so desperate nor at Yorktown did Washington show such brilliant military genius. After the disasters around New York it was but the wreck of an army which fell back across New Jersey to the west shore of the Delaware. A vigorous pursuit by Howe would almost certainly have destroyed the little band and forced its leader to the last resource, which he himself half expected would become necessary, a guerilla warfare in the mountains of Virginia. It is a curious fact the large Tory element in New Jersey proved at source of weakness to the British, for Howe felt it his duty so to divide his army as to protect them. Notice his letter of Dec. 20:—"The chain of (military posts) I own is rather too extensive but I was induced to occupy Burlington to cover the county of Monmouth in which there are many loyal inhabitants, and trusting to the almost complete submission of the country to the southward of this chain, and to the strength of the corps placed in the advanced posts, I conclude the troops will be in perfect security." All of his advanced troops did not share his confidence. General Stryker is at his best when he takes us into the Hessian Camps. Colonel Rall in particular is drawn to the life. Brave in action (the British called him the "Hessian Lion") he was another Braddock for recklessness. Colonel von Donop sent him orders from Bordentown to erect redoubts but he contented himself with selecting sites. His subordinates urged him to take precautions but he only told them to wait for the ice to form, and then they would run across barefoot and capture Philadelphia. Washington could not himself have chosen an opponent more to his taste. The story of the battle itself is a familiar one but the wealth of detail is new and interesting. The author's thorough knowledge of the locality is everywhere evident. He does full justice to the gallant resistance offered by the Germans and it thrills one's pulses to read how Captain von Biesenrodt with but a single regiment, hemmed in between Assanpink Creek and St. Clair's brigade, persisted in fighting it out long after resistance was hopeless. Our interest in the Hessians does not stop here. We have yet to become acquainted with Lieutenant Wiederhold and his journal, although we have met him once or twice before the battle. This officer is delightful and it is to be regretted that Lowell could not have drawn him as he drew John Underhill. The best scene is when Wiederhold, a prisoner of war, represents himself as tell-

ing Washington (and this in the presence of his own superiors) how he would have made good his position had he but been in the place of Colonel Rall, while the American general compliments him on his courage and military skill. Our author waxes sceptical but we cannot afford to lose our faith in this. The prisoners were sent to Philadelphia where quarters were provided for them in accordance with the following order from General Putnam: "You are immediately to remove your men out of the Barrack to make room for the Hessian prisoners." The rest of the first part treats of the battle of Princeton and the movements which preceded it. It is vividly and accurately told yet is hardly equal in point of interest to what preceded. The personal element has largely disappeared with Rall and Wiederhold. Part II is exceedingly valuable and interesting. It consists of a great number of contemporary documents, American, British, and Hessian, many of which have never before been published. General Stryker has examined the official records contained in the archives of Cassel and Marburg and the publication of these reports and letters fitly completes his book.

*Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen.* By Elbert Hubbard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

However much we may dispute as to whether this or that man of the present day possesses those high qualities to which we give the name Statesmanship there can be little dispute as to what these qualities are. The popular definition that a statesman is a dead politician seems to show that we are rather inclined to doubt the existence of these high qualities in our political leaders. To learn just what statesmanship is we must go back a hundred years and study the lives of the men who guided our country through its time of greatest peril. As we read in Mr. Hubbard's book the sketches of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin, Hancock, Jay and the Adamses we realise once more that, with the exception perhaps of John Hancock, these men were statesmen in the highest and truest sense of the word. They were men of noble character, moved by great social and political ideas which they realised in the construction and operation of that delicate organism which we call Government. And when coming nearer to our own times we read of Webster, Clay, Seward, and Lincoln we see that at every point of our history there have been great statesmen as well as clever politicians. The latest series of *Little Journeys* has all of the faults which we look for in a collection of sketches which were written not to be published as a book but as a series of monthly pamphlets. A competent editor with a blue pencil would have been able to remove most of its faults but as Mr. Hubbard is both author and editor his book suffers from the lack of a less partial and more discerning critic. We do not object to the fact that a great deal

more is said about the statesmen than about their homes. Indeed it would not have been a bad thing to have said nothing at all about the homes, even at the risk of making the title a misnomer, for the best of the papers are concerned altogether with the men themselves. Those on Franklin, Hamilton, Samuel Adams, Webster and Jay are excellent, but many of the others are spoiled by the fact that Mr. Hubbard mistakes triviality and vulgarity for lightness of touch. Many years ago Lowell when reviewing Masson's *Life of Milton* showed us how dangerous it is for a man to attempt humour and ease of style when his talents lie in another direction; but Mr. Hubbard has not profited by the advice. There is entirely too much of the author's personality in the book. Although many of the most delightful things in literature are full of the personality of the writer, a man can make no greater mistake than to think that in order to be a second Charles Lamb it is only necessary to tell stories about himself. But when Mr. Hubbard is willing to leave off his tiresome and laboured attempts at humour and to treat a great subject seriously we find that he has something to say. His vivid portrayal of the character of Samuel Adams is the best thing in the book. He shows us how he was content to keep himself in the background, concealing his power in order better to gain what he desired. His reticence and craftiness is brought out especially in contrast with the vanity of Hancock. It would also be hard better to describe in a few words the character of Webster than in the following paragraph of Mr. Hubbard's:

"In many ways Webster lacked the inward steadfastness that his face and form betokened; but on one theme he was sound to the inmost core. He believed in America's greatness and the grandeur of America's mission. Into the minds of countless men he infused his own splendid patriotism. From his first speech at Hanover when eighteen years old, to his last when nearly seventy, he fired the hearts of men with the love of native land. And how much the growing greatness of our country is due to the magic of his words and the eloquence of his inspired presence no man can compute."

*Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The purpose of Mr. Higginson's book, so far as can be judged from the title, is somewhat indefinite. It is set forth in detail, however, and thoroughly explained in a preface which seems to have been written with great care. Briefly, it is to treat the legends of the Atlantic, which were so numerous during the Middle Ages, in the same spirit as that in which Hawthorne approached the traditions of Greek mythology when he wrote his "*Wonder Book*." The imitation, if such it may be called, is of course more upon the surface than below it. Mr. Higginson's legends, principally Celtic or Spanish in origin, necessarily strike a



very different note from the Greek, or more properly Alexandrine, stories that Hawthorne took over from Ovid and Horace. They are tinged throughout with the wild romantic colour of the Arthurian legends or the old tales of the Spanish Main, unlike the Alexandrine myths, and also unlike the true Greek mythology. So far, then, we may give to Mr. Higginson the credit of originality, but it extends, to be sure, only to this treatment of the materials which he has used. His subjects are drawn almost without exception from mediaeval sources, and he seems to have made but few changes in his rendering of them. He does not hesitate at least to furnish in an appendix a list of his authorities, and to give hints to those who may wish to go into the matter more in detail. It is hardly to be expected, however, that there will be many such. If, as seems reasonable to suppose, Mr. Higginson has succeeded in reproducing accurately the spirit of the originals, few, save those whose purpose is avowedly in the field of scholarship, will care to pursue the subject further. In a body of matter which is after all purely legendary, and which has not, as had the Greek mythology, the distinctness of being also a great religion of a great people, adherence to the prototype is not perhaps of overwhelming importance, and the stories have been so much more beautifully treated by the modern poets that their versions seem most likely to stand. To compare Mr. Higginson's "Merlin and King Arthur" or his "Maelduin's Voyage" with those of Tennyson, to read his version of St. Brandan after that of Matthew Arnold, is to have one's notions of the importance of historical, or rather of mythological accuracy somewhat rudely shaken. Some of his stories, indeed, and notably that of "The Swan-Children of Lir" are treated in truly poetic spirit. All of them will repay reading, but that their value is very great would be too hazardous a statement. That he has intended to put before us a children's story-book seems improbable, for in that case wherefore should he add a scholarly appendix? Unless in this way, however, he desires to supply future poets with ready-made materials. It is difficult to see how his work can have any permanent value.

*Modern Socialism.* By Werner Sombart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.


Among the many great movements of the nineteenth century none is more noteworthy than the proletarian-socialistic movement, whose rapid growth and increasing power and significance have startled intelligent men the world over and set them to thinking on new lines. The proletarian-socialistic movement is what Sombart means by the modern social movement. It is a movement of recent origin, because the proletariat or "Fourth Estate" is of recent origin, springing up with the modern capitalistic system of production "which involves the coöperation of two

socially separated classes in the manufacture of material goods." In some countries this movement has acquired a very great political significance. In Germany the socialist vote numbers about two millions, and even in this country it is not inconsiderable. Over six per cent of the entire vote of Rhode Island is socialistic. But the significance of the movement as expressed in the size of independent political parties is small compared with that which is indicated by the increasingly socialistic cast of labour agitation. Scores of books have been written about socialism and the socialistic movement, but few of them serve the purpose of giving a concise, comprehensive and impartial presentation of it. Professor Sombart's book while not a comprehensive view of the question is nevertheless a thoroughly impartial and scientific one from the standpoint of history; and in this lies its value. His aim is to comprehend the modern socialistic movement, to discover from what it springs, what are its tendencies, how it receives those tendencies—in a word to see "that it is not made but becomes."

He defines a socialistic movement as follows: "By a socialistic movement we understand the aggregate of all those endeavours of a social class which are directed to a rational overturning of an existing social order to suit the interests of this class." This conception of the proletariat-socialistic movement as a purely class movement and one that is actuated by purely selfish motives is a mistaken one. Prof. Ely and other authorities would not, we believe, agree with him. As we read further we see how Sombart's extreme realism accounts for this conception. To him the new social spirit that Carlyle preached means nothing. However he is candid enough to admit that it is the critic's estimate of man that finally decides between realism and idealism in these matters.

He starts with the Utopian socialism of the first part of this century and tells us of Robert Owen and his fond belief in an ideal order which men would desire to accomplish, if it only be made known to them, and how Fourier daily waited at his home between the hours of twelve and one to receive the millionaires who should bring to him money for the erection of the first phylanstery. No one ever came. He then speaks of the antecedents of the social movement and shows that the revolutions of 1789, 1793, 1830, 1832, and 1848 were not proletariat-socialistic movements in the several countries as now treated; and after an excellent description of the national peculiarities of the movements he comes to Karl Marx and gives us the two main features of Marxism as he understands it, namely; (1) the object of the social movement is the communisation of the means of production; (2) the means of reaching this aim is class struggle. He places Karl Marx in the first rank among the social philosophers of the nineteenth century and says he "obtained next to Darwin and Hegel the greatest influence upon modern ideas." The socialism of Marx is evolutionary and not revolutionary, and is the

type toward which the different social movements are tending. In closing he remarks the historical necessity of the movement. He regards a new social order as practically impossible of attainment and tries to dispel the senseless fears that many entertain concerning class struggle. The reader who can look on the modern socialistic movement, fraught as it is with issues of tremendous consequences to society and palpitating with life and passion, as a scientific observer from a materialistic standpoint, will find much satisfaction in this book.



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